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Royal Academy of Music Library

The Ploughboy

The Farmer 1787

1788

THE PLOUGH BOY

Sung by Mr. Blanchard in

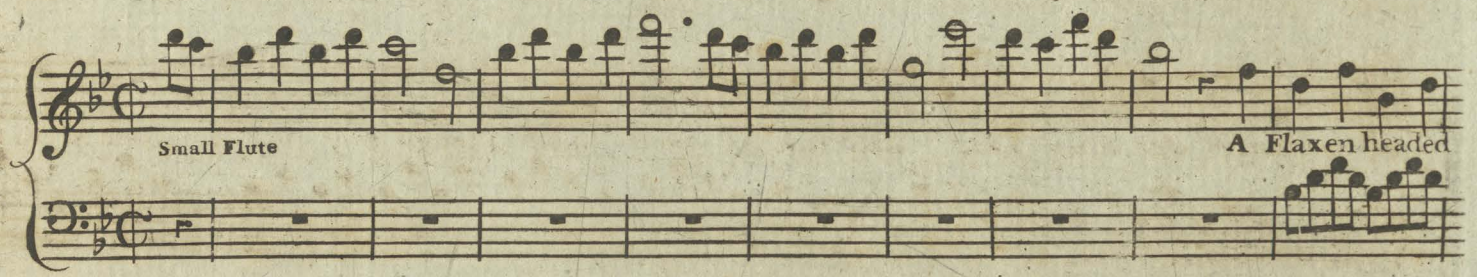
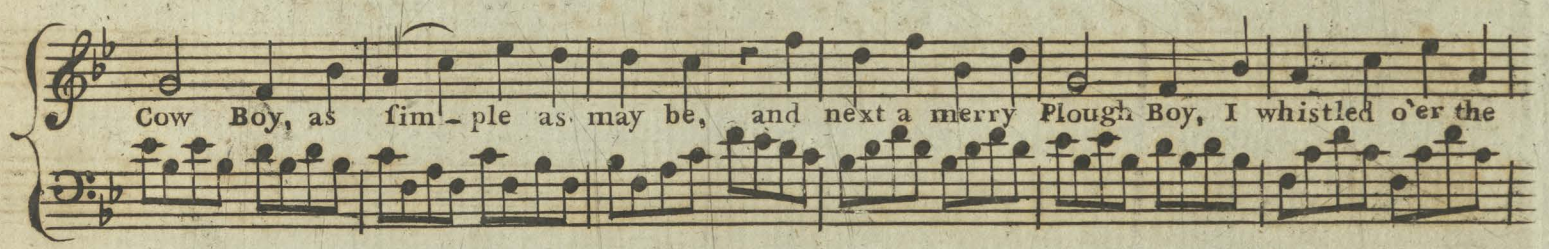
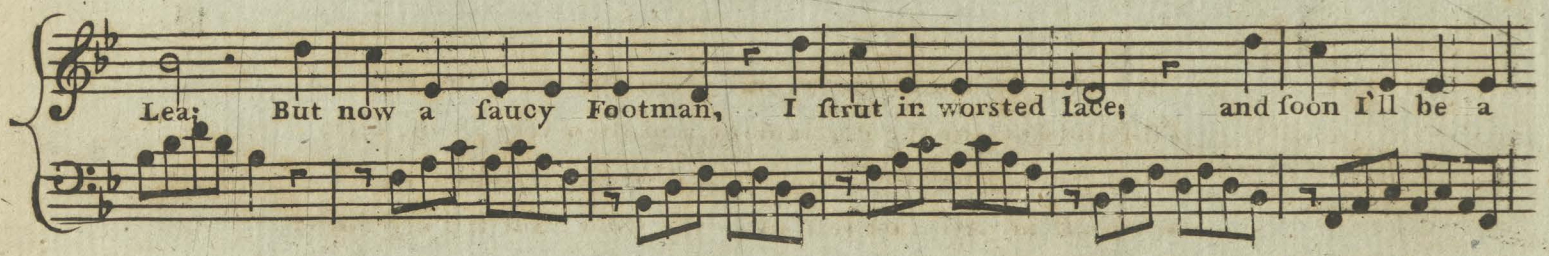
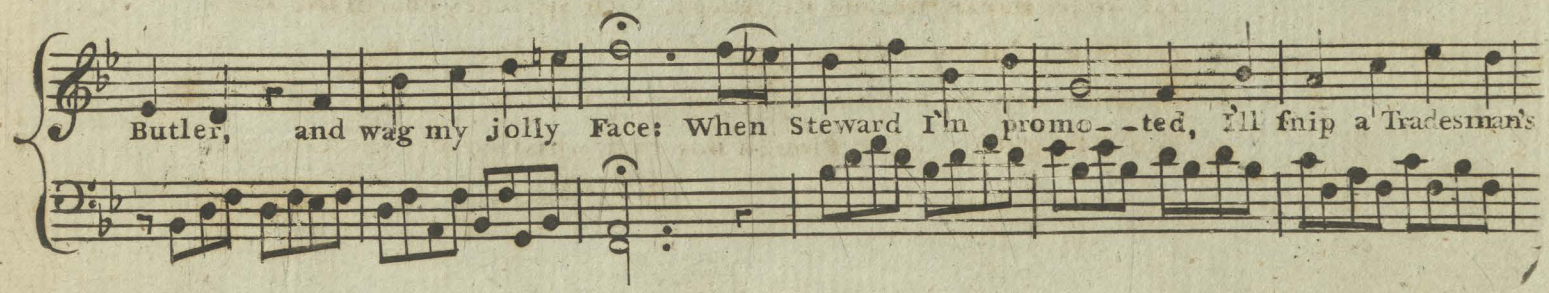
THE FARMER

Written by J. O'Keefe Esq.r

and Set to Music by Wm. Shield

Royal Academy of Music Library

Entered at Stationer's Hall. Price 1s.

Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapside and No. 13 Hay Market
Muſic Sellers and muſical Inſtrument makers to His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales



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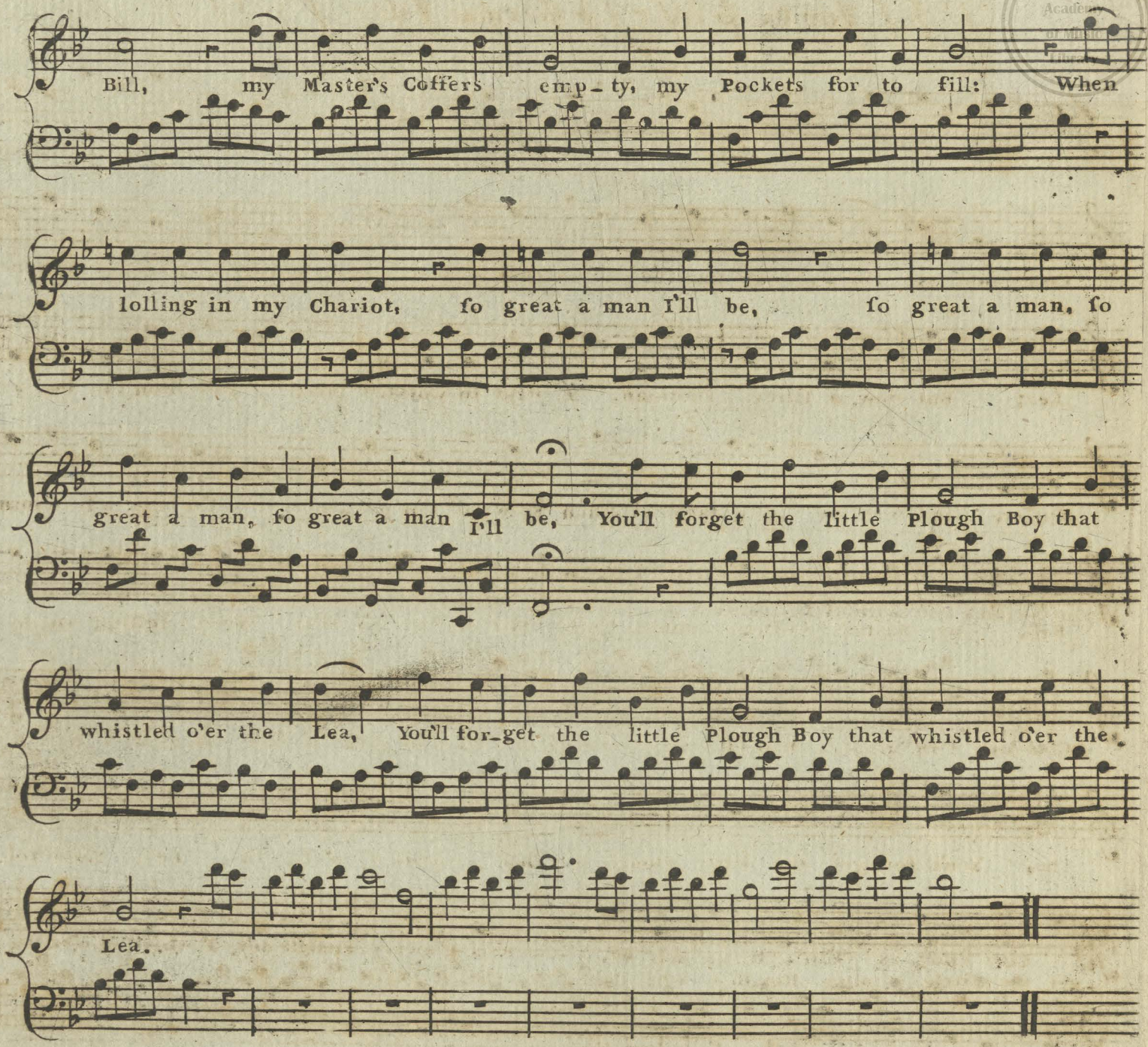
Bill, my Master's Coffers emp_ty, my Pockets for to fill: When
lolling in my Chariot, so great a man I'll be, so great a man, so
great a man, so great a man I'll be, You'll forget the little Plough Boy that
whistled o'er the Lea, You'll for_get the little Plough Boy that whistled o'er the
Lea.

2

I'll buy Votes at Elections, but when I've made the Pelf,
I'll ſtand Poll for the Parliament, and then vote in my ſelf;
What ever's good for—me, Sir, I never will oppoſe,
When all my Ayes are ſold off, why then—I'll ſell my Noes:
I'll Joke, Harangue, and Paragraph, with Speeches charm the Ear;
And when I'm tired on my Legs, then I'll ſit down a Peer.
In Court or City honour ſo great a Man I'll be,
You'll forget the little Plough Boy that whiſtled o'er the Lea.

For the Guitar or German Flute

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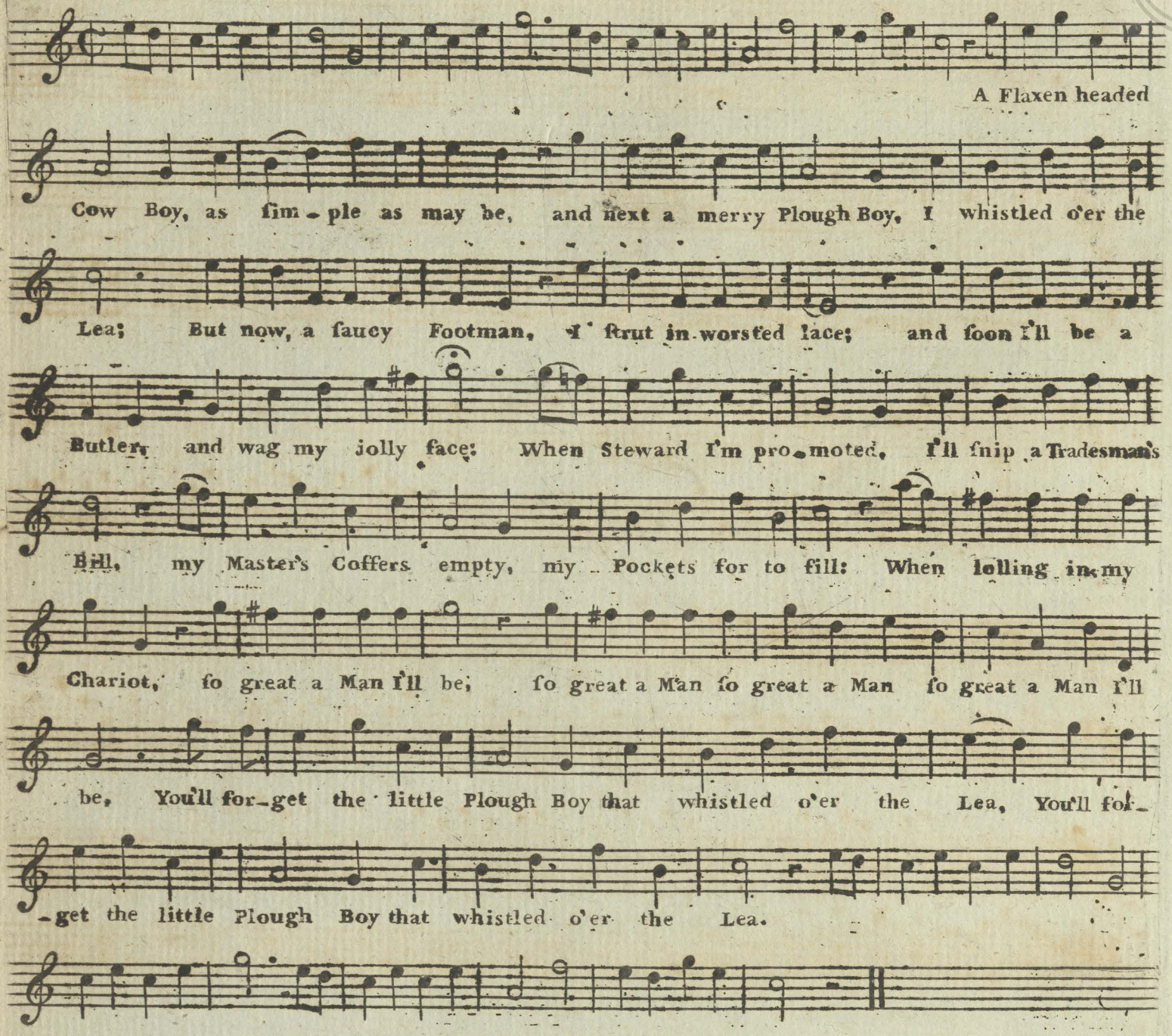
A Flaxen headed
Cow Boy, as ſim-ple as may be, and next a merry Plough Boy, I whiſtled o'er the
Lea; But now, a ſaucy Footman, I ſtrut in worſted lace; and ſoon I'll be a
Butler, and wag my jolly face: When Steward I'm pro-moted, I'll ſnip a Tradesman's
Bill, my Master's Coffers empty, my Pockets for to fill: When lolling in my
Chariot, ſo great a Man I'll be; ſo great a Man ſo great a Man ſo great a Man I'll
be, You'll for-get the little Plough Boy that whiſtled o'er the Lea, You'll for-
-get the little Plough Boy that whiſtled o'er the Lea.

2

I'll buy Votes at Elections, but when I've made the Pelf,
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When all my Ayes are ſold off, why then, I'll ſell my Noes:
I'll Joke, Harangue, and Paragraph, with Speeches charm the Ear;
And when I'm tired on my Legs, then I'll ſit down a Peer:
In Court or City honour, ſo great a Man I'll be,
You'll forget the little Plough Boy that whiſtled o'er the Lea.